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The Olympus Domes



space

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Chapter 1 by Laura Frost

I shift nervously in my seat aboard the shuttle. Six long months on that ship, and now I'm so close to being there. Actually setting foot on Mars.

The other colonists around me either keep to themselves like me or chatter excitedly with their family and friends. There's two kinds of people willing to leave earth and head all the way out here. People like me, with nothing to lose, and people with everything to gain.

The shuttle touches down with a thump, the airlock hissing.

We've made it. After all this time, we're finally here.

The captain strolls back, short cropped hair messy and her helmet under one arm. "Welcome to Olympus Colony, folks. I hope you brought some sort of weaponry, because out here, you're going to need it." She presses her hand to the lock and the door opens. "Good luck!"

I run my hand over the two blasters hidden in the side of my boots. I don't need luck. Luck is for fools who don't have my... skills.

Time to start a new life. It's what I need. See more of Story Wars

Chapter 2 by Cameron

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I stepped out into the...well I would say 'fresh air' but there is neither freshness nor air between the shuttle landing site and the domes themselves.

"If anything gets close to you; blast it to pieces!"

I wasn't about to ignore the words of such an insightful official, so I took her words to heart and shot at anything that didn't look like a human. I didn't get a good look at the Martian creatures however before I entered the doors to the main Olympus Dome.

"I can see why they put such a distance between the colony and the landing pad" I could overhear a man with a distinguishable Australian accent complaining while taking his flight suit off, "Something about getting used to what's out there or whatever, but they could have at least given us complimentary bloody guns!"

Truer words were never spoken my friend from down under.

"Please throw all of your travel suits into the bin on your right, as soon as everyone's through those will be shot back to Earth and recycled for the next batch." the attendant said as she did exactly that.

Figures. They can afford to send people to friggin Mars but not to make new suits for people to wear on the plane?

"Now ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for..." she smiled and hovered her hand over the door release, "I may sound like I'm ripping off Jurassic Park, but here goes...welcome!" she hits the button, "To the Olympus Colony!"

Chapter 3 by Sub-Reality



The Dome was a sprawling wasteland. As soon as we filed through the entrance, dirty street salesmen peddling their wares lined the path.

"Blasters and Ammo, space suits, spare parts, you name it!"

The other colonists sheepishly continued on their way. Some even dumb enough to stop and look at it. I knew

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"Please, continue to the welcome brief, people!" the pilot said, motioning everyone along.

We were ushered into a chrome theater. A scruffy old ship captain seated at the front lazily moved his feet from their crossed position in front of him.

"Bout time. Alright everyone can hear me? Don't care. So first off, welcome to the Milky Way's drain. Few rules..."

He extended three red, dusted fingers.

"To stay alive, stay inside. To stay inside, get a job. To keep a job, work hard. That's it. Now good luck, you're all on your own now."

Most of the other colonists worriedly scampered about like it was the beginning of a scavenger hunt. I walked over to the old captain and crossed my arms.

"What kind of work you got?"

He squinted at me and scratched his grizzled chin.

"Farming."

I squinted back at him. To get ahead in a place like this, I knew it wasn't going to be by doing their usual jobs.

I lifted my leg and set it on a chair, resting my arm on my knee, showing my holstered blaster.

"What else?"

Both his eyebrows and his chin raised as he looked me over.

"May have another opening for someone like you."

Chapter 4 by Emily Rexer



"There's an old arms dealer that works at the end of the 17th block. She's a tough one but she's fair and I'll give you decent work if you can prove your worth."

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An arms dealer seems sketchy, but she's more interesting than farming the martian dust.

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"Thanks, see you around"

Walking away, I turn back to look at the old captain and salute him, two fingers tapping my forehead in a gesture of respect. He makes a strange expression somewhere between a grimace and a grin and mutters something under his breath that I can't quite hear.

The old captain shakes his head at the sight of this green kid so full of insolence and determination. Saluting as if careless gestures matter.

You think you can survive here? Nobody survives here. Surviving implies that you'll live, but life here dies. Mars wasn't meant to be lived on and every single person on this goddamn planet pays the price of this barren rock in every breath they breathe.

and so he mutters, depression seeping into his words,
"you'll die here, kid."

Chapter 5 by Rexstriker



I keep walking along the dirt path of a road and look out to the horizon. Dust, dirt, rocks and.. dust. The further I went the more built up the town became, more buildings and more people, all bustling around like bees looking for work to do.

A shifted my gaze across the 17th block, like looking for something in a newspaper. Then I saw it.

An old gun store, very old.

The sign was tilted, hanging on for dear life, the walls had become a decaying brown. It must have been one of the first buildings when people came here.

I carefully stepped in, the smell was overpowering, old wood and gunpowder. A horrible combination.

"Whaddaya want?"

A tall woman loomed over the bench where the displayed guns were. Rifles, sub-machine guns,

the lot. Plasma-powered ones, gauss rifles. Even some illegal ones, like nanotech. This is some serious firepower.

The gruff voice asked again.

"Are you gonna keep gawling?"

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She was tall, very tall. She had to be at least 50 years old, but she was definitely stronger than me. Her hair was grey, but with some brown fighting a losing battle. The hair spiked behind her like fire.

"I'm looking for a job" I muttered
She looked at me and smirked
"Really?" The sarcasm burned.
"Look elsewhere kid" She growled

No, I couldn't be a farmer, it took a whole year for them to be able to successfully grow something in the martian dirt without killing it.

"But the captain said-"

She squinted and cut me off.

"That bloody fool doesn't know jack. Move along if you know what's best for you."

She pulled a handgun from under the desk to clean it.

I got it now, it makes sense. I know what to do.

I pulled out my gun from my boot, aimed it at her and shot.

The bullet hit. The gun was knocked from out of her hand, shattered into metal shards.

"WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?! YOU COULD OF-"

She cut herself off.

"Oh, I see now you little smart ass."

I shivered, that was a really bad idea. What was I thinking?! Shooting a gun dealer?!

"You know.." She had changed to a much calmer tone, something wasn't right.

The woman chuckled.

"I would have shot you on the spot if it hadn't been for how impressive that was"

What? She's not going to kill me?

"Go home, come back tomorrow and we'll see if that wasn't just a fluke."

She smiled.

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I walked by the road in no destination in mind.

The scene kept repeating.

I got the job!

Then it occurred to me as the sun went down across the horizon.

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Where do I sleep?

Chapter 6 by Dillon Blake



I had known from the start surviving on Mars would be hard, but nothing, not the freezing Martian nights, or even the smug looks of the farmers, cozy in their quarters could make me stoop so low as to join them.

Beautiful as the sunset was, my worry was too much to truly appreciate it. As it disappeared beneath the vast red landscape, the entire valley was suddenly overtaken by an icy chill. My blood seemed to turn to ice, having grown used to Earth's warmth, but my Martian body was still equipped to handle it.

Having spent all day being rejected by seemingly all of Mars, I knew I was out of options. Knowing nowhere else to go, my feet seemed to carry me to the old gun owner's store. I approached the building, noticing the old and weathered walls and its rusted and broken gutters. As I make a makeshift bed in the alley, I ask myself why I'm even here.

Why had I thought this would be better? Why would this god-forsaken planet be any better than the hell I once called home? Even the abuse and neglect I faced back on Earth seemed like nothing compared to seeing those I left behind.

I opened my eyes, expecting to see the vandalized side of the alley, only to realize I was asleep. I looked up to see my beautiful mother, bringing me a bowl of various animal organs and vegetable parts. Strange as it was, she had always told me it was the closest thing to the food from her Martian homeland. Her green skin seemed to radiate joy as she saw my enjoyment of her wonderful, if strange, dish.

Dread filled my heart as I realized I was only reliving a moment, a memory I had managed to suppress that had somehow come back to haunt me. I looked up, screaming, begging her to run, yet the words fell upon deaf ears, as she seemed oblivious to my screams.

I jumped up, and proceeded to do anything I could think of in the kitchen, to do anything that might get her to leave. I didn't realize that as I did, my mother turned to jelly as she instead turned and wrapped me in her arms.

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In that moment, I heard the front door burst open, and a series of loud footsteps fill the house. Looking up, I saw the drunken husk of my father standing at the door. I remembered a time when his golden blonde hair wasn't gray and nearly gone. I thought of the days when his cheeks were light with youth, not sagging and dead looking. Thinking back, I could recall a time when his eyes were filled with a father's love, and not the contempt that now bore into my soul.

Wordlessly, he sprinted forward, lashing out at my mother with an animal like hatred. His fists fell as often as alien slurs, and cries of, "Why'd I ever marry a fucking alien?" I attacked him with all my strength, using strength I never thought I possessed. But for all this, he seemed completely unaffected.

He turned to me, eyes filled with rage. I managed to look behind him, seeing for a brief instant my near dead mother fall to the floor, begging him to leave me alone. Tears streamed down my face, imploring him to let me take my mother's place. A small grin appeared on his face, before his deep voice, reeking of cheap beer, said "Gladly."

One punch was all it took before it all went I woke, with the first thing I noticed was the sharp pain covering my face. I opened my eyes, expecting once more to see the alley wall.

Wrong.

I looked up to see a large, bulging, man, his face bathed in the sharp moonlight. He was dressed in what appeared to be a sheriff's uniform, but his massive frame made the proud uniform look childish and fake. His face, filled with an expression of bored contempt, looked me up and down, as if he expected me to say something. Seemingly satisfied with whatever assessment he had made, he cocked his foot back, ready to kick me again, before saying, "No place for freeloaders in the Olympus Domes."

Chapter 7 by TraderVic12



I remembered how I shifted nervously in my seat aboard the shuttle when we first hit the landing pad. Six long months on that ship will not go to waste.

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"That officer won't bother you again." I said to the woman when I entered the gunstore. She looked closely when the badge hit the counter and I could tell she recognized the numbers. "I passed the test yet?"

She nodded. She was chewing gum.

I stepped closer and she opened the security door and led me into the back room.

"The boss is waiting," she said as she went back to the counter, pointing at the door. "Good luck!"

I didn't need luck. Luck is for fools who don't have my... skills.

I entered slowly, and squinted my eyes in the darkness. There were two goons guarding something that looked like a throne. The old man smiled at first, but as I came closer, his eyes widened, and he stood up.

"Mom says hi." I said as the blasters jumped into my hands setting the air ablaze with a fountain of noise.

It was quick. It was bloody. In the end, it was what he and his goons deserved.

I sit in a shuttle again, a ticket for "Asgard Domes" in my pocket.

Time to start a new life.

It's what Mars is for, after all.

Chapter 8 by TraderVic12



Laura looked up to the sky. The street was getting empty and after a whole day of waiting she dreamt to take a warm bath. Suddenly, as if by a hunch, she looked up.

It was just another shuttle closing at the Asgard Domes landing pad, but she didn't let it out of her sight until it vanished behind the buildings. She wasn't sure why it startled her that much, and while walking away she tried to shrug it off.

Her apartment building was dark and looked abandoned. It was mainly because she was one of the few tenants with a day job. She wasn't very happy about it, but it could've been worse. She got assigned here and only after the fact did she discover, that Asgard Domes had the reputation of the most peaceful and civil of the nineteen colonies.

She got out of the bath and quickly dressed up. Lisa wanted her to meet her partner's brother,

Luke. When she first agreed to a double date she wasn't anticipating anything special. But now, when she was putting on her maid, she realized that this will be a night to remember.

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